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THE REFLECTOR.

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THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean or the fleeting hour;
But wave by wave pursu'd arrives on shore,
And each impell'd behind, impels before;
So time on time revolving we descry;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.

"Life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, and then the better and more pleasing part of old age."—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time—I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whether we were going and what was the cause of such confusion, I was told we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the Straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels—and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows without any other mean of security than the care of the pilot whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not so noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers descry the shore at which he first embarked.—Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of water, violently agitated, and covered with so thick mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk, unexpectedly, while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind.

So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way, against the rocks.—The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking around him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct was forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rock on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.—This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course.—Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain that how long soever he might, by favorable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must *sink at last.*

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature afforded them as the solace of their labors; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their dangers from themselves, and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.—Yet, all that Hope ventured to promise even to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions—for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than those whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the Gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass.—Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties, or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far, by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the Gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre.—She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavored to retreat; but the draught of the Gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the point which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the Gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to stop the leaks and to repair the breaches of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure.—Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the Voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the Straits of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance or the anguish of expectation. But such as have often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labors that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power: "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?"—I looked, and seeing the Gulf of Intemperance before me, started and AWAKED.

THE REPOSITORY.

[From the New-York Statesman.]

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Marseilles, March, 1826.

Turning from the topics treated upon in my last letter, to others of a more agreeable nature, I remark that the hospitality, kindness and attentions of several of our countrymen resident at Marseilles, contributed very largely both to the instruction and pleasure of our visit. On the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington, we dined with the American Consul, to whom his partner in New-York had politely given us a letter of introduction. He is a son-in-law of Mr. D'Wolf of Rhode Island, has been at Marseilles some years, speaks French with fluency, and besides discharging his official duties, is extensively engaged in business. His residence is in a conspicuous situation on the Cours Bourbon, where the eagle proudly spreads his pinions amidst the lilies of France. On that day too the stripes and stars waved at the mast head of every American vessel in port, as also, I believe, in front of the Franklin Hotel, the head-quarters of most of our countrymen. Such a spectacle, on a foreign shore, was doubly gratifying, and a display of the untarnished flag of the Republic could not fail to awaken a conscious pride and quicken the pulsations of the heart.

The entertainment given by the Consul appeared to be rather official than national in its character; for with the exception of ourselves there was not a citizen of the United States present. A French dinner, consisting of at least thirty different dishes, was served up in handsome style, at 7 o'clock, which is the usual hour for dining at Marseilles. There were ten or twelve guests at table, among whom were the Portuguese Consul, who was an officer in the army of Napoleon, and signalized himself during the burning of the Kremlin at Moscow; and the American Consul, at Stockholm, in Sweden, who is a native of Fifeshire, Scotland. He has held the office twenty years, and married an agreeable Swedish lady, who is passing the winter with him at Marseilles for the benefit of her health. Dr. Couvier was also of the party—a gentleman of extraordinary talents, and probably the most eminent physician in the South of France. He is a disciple of the celebrated Leannec, of Paris, author of the auscultation system, mentioned in one of my former sketches. Such is his skill and confidence in the invention, that I had the curiosity to subject myself to an experiment, partly for the sake of becoming better acquainted with the operation, and partly from more serious motives. The whispered responses of the oracular tube were highly favorable, and uttered with all the graciousness of French politeness. The Doctor gave me much information respecting his professional brethren, and expressed it as his opinion, that Sir Astley Cooper is decidedly the first medical man of the present age, not excepting any of his own distinguished countrymen.

But I forget, that dinner is not quite over. The occasion of course led to much conversation on the politics of the two countries, which were discussed by the French guests with a freedom, that occasioned not a little surprise. No delicacy was observed in speaking of the ruling dynasty; and the whole party seemed to breathe the spirit, not only of *liberty*, but in some sense, of *independence*. Numerous sentiments, giving body and point to the same freedom of thought, and expressing a wish for a nearer resemblance between the political condition of France and the United States, circulated briskly round the convivial board. After dinner, the party retired to the drawing-room, where coffee was served up, and the pleasures of the evening were protracted to a late hour.

From another of our countrymen we received numerous civilities and favors, which were the more welcome for having been unsolicited. He is a Bostonian by birth and education. An enterprising and adventurous spirit led him some twenty-five years ago to the shores of the Mediterranean, where he has ever since been engaged in commerce, having successively resided in Spain, Malta, Sicily, and the South of France. During his residence at Alicant, he married a highly accomplished lady, and his house is now in the very vortex of fashionable life at Marseilles. A generous hospitality crowds his table with guests, and his *Soirees*, statedly held once a week, bring together a polished circle of citizens and strangers.

As an attendance at one of these evening parties afforded us a specimen of the manners and customs of the fashionable classes of society at Marseilles, a few remarks may not be unacceptable to my readers. The hour for going to the Soire is 10 o'clock. On entering a large and handsome suite of apartments, we found them already thronged with ladies and gentlemen in full dresses, making a little Babel by the animation and confused hum of conversation. Although it was said not to be one of the most brilliant of these social nights, a liberal share of beauty and taste gave splendor to the circle. To throw the responsibility of a delicate subject upon the shoulders of a native topographer, and to veil its glow in the shade of another language—"Les dames sont en general belles, bien faites, agreeables, et *leurs grands yeux noirs, en exprimant beaucoup de choses, semblent en promettre davantage encore.* Elles ont de l'esprit, de la grace, et sont tres-aimables par la douceur et les charmes de leur conversation." Two of the handsomest and most accomplished of the circle, were Spanish ladies, the first of that nation I had ever met. One of them was peculiarly beautiful, her dark and languishing features being finely shaded with a profusion of glossy tresses, which descended and played in ringlets upon her bosom.

The visitants are left to amuse themselves according to their inclinations—some with conversation, some at the piano, some with dancing, and others at the card-table. With all classes of society at Marseilles, the last mentioned amusement has the ascendency. Both sexes are fond of gambling. The fashionable game is *ecarte*, which has the merit of sociability in its favor, as the whole party may participate. Two champions enter upon the lists, and the one who is beaten finds a substitute. Bets to any amount, from a franc to a Napoleon, are made upon the respective sides. It is curious to see with what spirit and enthusiasm the French ladies enter into these contests, probably more from an innate love of superiority, than from the sordid motives of increasing their pin-money. But however elevated may be the character of the passion, the dexterity which they manage the cards and the gamester-like manner in which they plank and pocket their cash, detract somewhat from the softer and more amiable accomplishments of the sex.

Several specimens of vocal and instrumental music contributed to the social enjoyments of the evening. The ladies play and sing with unusual skill. A taste for music seems to be universal with the Marseillese. Once a week, an association of amateurs give a concert to the upper circles, to which our friends had the kindness to introduce us. The company have a spacious private theatre, handsomely adorned with Ionic pillars and other architectural embellishments. It is generally thronged with ladies and gentlemen in full dresses, among whom as much etiquette is observed, as in a drawing-room. The lower classes too, have their musical entertainments. In walking the streets in the evening, I have seen nine bits of candles stuck upon the pavement, to represent the circle of the Muses, while in the centre stood a Troubadour and his female companion, chanting a duet and charming the listening crowd. At the close of the humble concert, a hat is passed round to receive the contribution of sous.

To the middling classes of society, two theatres are constantly open; but are neither fully nor fashionably attended. Even the fame of Madame George, who was making a dramatic tour through the South of France and played one night during our visit, could not draw a good house. She is a coarse, masculine, ugly woman, exhibiting no attractions, either in person or voice, and courting applause rather by the vehemence of her declamation and gestures, than by any pathetic appeals to the heart. The dramatic entertainments at Marseilles are generally of a broad, noisy, popular cast. "Robin Du Bois" was a hundred times repeated, and half of the audience joined chorus in some of its spirited music. A striking peculiarity was observed in the police of this theatre. Between the acts, the whole house if they chose were at liberty to go behind the scenes, and chat with the dramatic corps.

But I have taken "French leave" of the *Soire*, and it would now be too late to return and make my conje, if modern etiquette tolerated that old-fashioned custom. It was my intention, however, to add a few particulars, which appeared to be worthy of remark and of imitation by others. Social pleasures in France possess the peculiar merit of costing little or nothing, save time. Ladies and gentlemen can never visit for the sake of the luxuries of the sideboard and table. Their enjoyments must be purely mental; for in the course of the longest evening, no kinds of refreshments are introduced, not even to a dish of coffee or a glass of wine. This custom is not less conducive to temperate habits, than to a diminution of the expenses, and of course to an extension of the sphere of fashionable life.

The same gentleman, to whom we were indebted for the social pleasures of this evening, and for other acts of hospitality, was so obliging as to procure for us a ticket of free admission, for the term of three months, to an association of citizens, denominated the "*Cercle des Phoceens*," from the first settlers of Marseilles. An extensive establishment, consisting of reading-rooms, a coffee-room, and apartments for card parties, has been fitted up in a central part of the town, where a portion of the members meet every evening to peruse the public journals, indulge in literary conversation, or amuse themselves at *ecarte*, as inclination may prompt. I could not learn that the *transactions* of the society are very important, or that its objects differ essentially from those of our own "Lunch"—to kill time pleasantly, and to promote good *taste* in general.

In a day or two after our arrival, a mutual friend introduced us to another of our countrymen, a native of Connecticut, who emigrated some twenty years since, and is now the senior partner of one of the first mercantile houses at Marseilles. I might as well, perhaps, at once call this gentleman by name; for his house, his fireside, his table are known as a kind of home to every American, who has been in the South of France. Enterprise, industry and success in business, have given him wealth, to which he seems to attach no other importance, than as a means of making himself and his friends happy. No inconsiderable portion of it is lavished in contributing to the convivial and social enjoyments of his countrymen, to whom a liberal hand and a warm heart are always open.

At our first interview, with a frankness, simplicity, and cordiality of manners which set aside all etiquette, he invited us to take dinner with him on the following evening. The invitation was accompanied with so little formality, that even the hour was not named. In such a dilemma, availing myself of the Yankee privilege of *guessing*, and thinking it always better to be too early than too late at dinner, I blundered into the drawing-room half an hour before the time, and while the family were probably yet busy at the toilette. A solitary and awkward interval was occupied in admiring with what elegance and taste it is possible for a confirmed bachelor to fit up his residence, aided by no other than occasional consultation and advice with the circle of his female friends; and with how many domestic comforts opulence may surround itself, independent of that greatest of human blessings—a good wife. The floors were spread with Turkish carpets; damask sofas and elbow chairs encircled the cheerful hearth; tables of Italian marble at one time reflected the polish of the mirror, and at another, the varied beauties of the landscape. The windows were hung with crimson and emerald, and the walls adorned with the choicest specimens of the arts.

What a little paradise had here been created without its Eve! though at present it was cheered by a visitation from one of the fairest of her descendants. My meditations on the comforts of "single blessedness" were soon interrupted by the entrance of the proprietor of the mansion, with an accomplished niece of eighteen hanging upon his arm. In this instance, an introduction was an acquaintance at once. We were natives of the same hills, residents of the same city, had traversed the same ocean, and visited the same scenes abroad. Many of our associations and friendships were also mutual. The junior partner in the firm, a brother to the elder, soon joined the little circle of inmates; and one American guest after another dropped in, till the hearth was surrounded by a congress of a dozen or fifteen of our countrymen representing perhaps as many different States. A sumptuous dinner was served up, rather in the American than in the French style. The table exhibited the same taste as was

visible in the decorations of the drawing-room; and a spirit of genuine hospitality presided, which would have rendered a less elegant and a less luxurious repast acceptable.

Such was the commencement of an acquaintance with this estimable and agreeable family, whose attentions and kindnesses knew no limit. A dinner party led to an invitation to tea on the following evening; and the tea-party was made an occasion for another invitation. Delicacy at first induced us to decline a portion of these civilities, till our friend assured us, that one of his greatest pleasures, after the business of the day, consisted in dining with a circle of his countrymen. His unbounded hospitality was afterwards accepted with as much cheerfulness as it was offered; and most of our evenings during our visit to Marseilles passed delightfully at his fireside. Every successive party drew some new American guest to his table, and the society was so exclusive, as to present a vivid picture of home. A constant round of social enjoyments continued to the very eve of our departure from town, when at a farewell dinner we had the pleasure to meet twenty of our countrymen, and to pledge them in a parting glass. The separation from such a family was as painful, as an intimacy with it had been delightful; and it would grieve me to think, that the friendship contracted with the members of the little circle are destined to be brief as the happy hours which gave them birth. We parted not without a hope of meeting again upon our native shores. Be that as it may, gratitude on our part for such unaffected kindness, and a cherished remembrance of those social nights, can perish only with life.

[From the Missouri Herald.]

GEN. ASHLEY'S EXPEDITION.

The recent expedition of Gen. Ashley to the country west of the Rocky Mountains, has been productive of information on subjects of no small interest to the people of the Union. It has proved that the over-land expeditions, in large bodies, may be made to that remote region, without the necessity of transporting provisions for man or beast.—Gen. Ashley left St. Louis in March last and returned in September. His return caravan consisted of upwards of one hundred horses and mules, and more than half that number of men. He went to the station of the party he had left beyond the mountains, when he came in a year ago, and thence descended a river, believed to be the Buenaventura, about one hundred and fifty miles to the Great Lake.

His return march to St. Louis, occupied about 70 days, each mule and horse carrying nearly two hundred pounds of beaver fur—the animals keeping their strength and flesh on the grass which they found, and without losing any time on this long journey. The men also found an abundance of food; they say there was no day in which they could not have subsisted a thousand men, and often ten thousand. Buffaloe furnished the principal food—water of the best quality was met with every day. The whole route lay through a level and open country, better for carriages than any turnpike road in the United States. Wagons and carriages could go with ease as far as Gen. Ashley went, crossing the Rocky Mountains at the source of the north fork of the Platte, and descending the valley of the Buenaventura towards the Pacific ocean. The lake which terminated the expedition westward, is a most remarkable body of water, and heretofore unknown, unless from vague accounts. It is estimated to be one hundred miles long and sixty or eighty wide. It was coasted last spring by a party of Gen. Ashley's men in canoes, who were occupied four and twenty days in making its circuit. They did not exactly ascertain its outlet, but passed a place where they suppose it must have been. The water of this lake is much salter than that of the sea. Some of the salt obtained from this water by boiling, has been brought in by Gen. Ashley—he has also brought some specimens of rock salt, found in a strata several feet thick at the surface of the ground, with streams of water running through it in numerous little channels. The people in the mountains plentifully supply themselves with salt at this spot, and carry it home in bags.

In the whole expedition, Gen. Ashley did not lose a man, nor had any one of those died whom he left behind last year, many of whom have been out four or five years, and are too happy in the freedom of those wild regions to think of returning to the comparative thraldom of civilized life. It would seem that no attempt has been made to ascertain the precise latitude and longitude of the point at which Gen. Ashley crossed the mountains. It is to be hoped that this will not be neglected on the next expedition. From all that we can learn, the elevation is exceedingly small where the passage of the mountain was effected—so small as hardly to affect the rate of going of the caravan, and forming at the most, an angle of three degrees, being two degrees less than the steepest ascent on the Cumberland road.

In the volume of Eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, those of Messrs. Everett and Davels are omitted.

FOREIGN.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 20.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship *Edward Quesnel*, Capt. Hawkins, the Editor of the National Advocate has received his files of Galignani's Paris Messenger, Le Courier Francois, and Journal de Commerce, to the 15th November, inclusive.

The revolt in Algarves, (Portugal,) is entirely at an end, and the rebels have retreated into Spain, where, to the number of 700, they are in the most abject distress. The Spanish government gives each one ration a day, of bread and vegetables.

The Stockholm Greek Committee has just sent a further sum of 10,000 fr. to the Paris Committee.

The *Aelgemeine Zeitung* gives from the *Oriental Spectator*, of 29th September, the following observations on the melancholy fate of the Philhellenes:—"The sights which daily meet our eyes, namely, the Philhellenes returning from Greece in the utmost distress and misery, excite very serious reflections. The number of those who resort to unhappy Greece continue to increase, and we consider it as our duty to tell the Greek Committees the truth. The fanaticism of this new Crusade may have its source in generous feelings, but poetical recollections are doubtful guides in positive and practical affairs. Partial aid does but protract the unequal contest, makes the conquerors implacable, and prepares unspeakable misery for the conquered; but the Philhellenes are not able to offer decisive assistance. The Committees instead of making the public acquainted with the true situation of the Greeks have participated and propogated the common error.—With the Committees came the voluntary gifts, and the increase of the emigrants to Greece, in which even men of the first classes have joined. But what has become of these men and of the money? Most of them have perished in the field of battle, or of disease, or want. Some plundered and abandoned to misery, after having in vain contended against the Greeks themselves, who repelled them from thence, are able to reach some neighboring port, there to implore, as a last favor, the means of returning to their own country. As for the money, it has only increased the treasures of Mavrocordato, Conduriotti, Zainio, etc., which are now embarked and brought to a place of safety.—In Greece not a trace of these gifts is to be seen—no hospital, no magazine, no fortress in a proper state of defence, no bridges, no military roads, not even the first elements of any administration; in a word, no institution which corresponds with the efforts of the Committees. May they become at length sensible of the truth, and not increase their moral responsibility by prolonging the delusion of the donors."

[*From the Constitutionel of Nov. 15.*]

IONIAN ISLANDS—ZANTE, Oct. 14.

Extract from a private letter:—Redschid Pacha is again before Athens; since the battle which took place the 19th Sept. nothing has taken place, the Greeks daily attack them for each attack; the Pacha meets with a loss, but this gives him little uneasiness, for these trifling losses will not cause him to give up the object he has in view. Much is expected from the second expedition to Athens; it is numerous and well organized, and must have arrived there by this time, and no doubt they have had repeated rencounters, though we have not yet heard from them. Ibrahim Pacha has been more unfortunate in Peloponesia than Redschid; after his attempts to penetrate into the interior of Maina, all the Moreotes have fallen upon him and annoy his troops exceedingly wherever they meet him. He lately sent into Messina a body of 1500 men, but the corps attempted in vain to open a passage in the defiles of Dermenia, to which attempt he lost several hundred men in killed, and retraced his steps. The Maneotes have extended themselves as far as Nissi, and occupy all the posts of Messenie. Ibrahim is so weak handed at present, that he appears to be on the eve of being annihilated, without prompt and very considerable succours reach him from Alexandria. The whole summer has passed away to his prejudice; he still occupies a large part of the Western Morea; but what use is the country to him which he has devastated. Our countrymen who have lately travelled in Peloponesus, write us that this fine country, so fertile the second and third years of the Greek Revolution, presents at present a dreary desert, strewed here and there with ruins which excite the sympathy of all who behold them.

Indeed, from the reports we have received, Ibrahim now acts in Peloponesus as a desponding enemy, having no other object in view than to render this country uninhabitable as long as possible. The barbarians destroy the vines, olive and fruit trees, whenever they pass. Children, old men and women, who fall into their hands, are massacred with unexampled ferocity. Such are the actions of the heroes that the Austrians pride themselves in naming the young Hannibals: it is thus that a christian people die in the nineteenth century, conquered under the eyes and through the means of the christian powers.

A letter of the 30th ult. from Leghorn, contains the following intelligence:—"The most recent letters that have reached us from Napoli are of the 5th inst. Intelligence from the second expedition to Attica was looked for with impatience. The Greek squadron was still hovering about the shores of Asia Minor, to watch the enemy closely and prevent an attack. The Isle of Samos is now organized in such a manner, that in case of danger it can send against the enemy twelve or thirteen thousand men, well armed, who have all made oath upon the gospel, to die at their posts, rather than let the barbarians advance into the interior of their country. Two Greek vessels laden with ammunition, left Napoli for that Island on the 23d of September."

The Nuremberg Correspondent announces, that, independently of the infantry division, and the 20,000 Cossacks, which marched at the news of the attack by the Persians, several other corps of the First Army, under Gen Sacken, had set out for the theatre of war.

The Spanish coast continues to be infested with Algerines, Colombians, and every thing else that can cut up the last remains of their commerce.

BOLIVAR. We await with impatience for such information of Bolivar's measures on his arrival at Bogota, as shall leave no kind of doubt of the nature of his future course. In the mean time, we are gratified in meeting with any intelligence which discourages the idea, lately adopted by us with sincere reluctance, of his aspirations to sovereign power. Of this nature is the following letter from the General's secretary, dated Guayaquil, 18th September, which we find in the Baltimore Gazette:

"SIR—This day His Excellency sets off from this city for Quito, and he will continue, without stopping, his route to Bogota.

"The Government will be already informed of the Acts celebrated in the Departments of Asuay, Quito, and Guayaquil. His Excellency has given orders that the Administration should be conducted on the same footing and the same principles *without the slightest alteration*, and that every thing should continue as it has been hitherto since the establishment of the *Constitutional System*. His Excellency has published the enclosed proclamation, which contains the sentiments of His Excellency who is most anxious to arrive in the capital of the Republic, to consecrate anew his services to his country."

The Bogota Constitutional expresses much confidence in the continuance of the General's attachment to the republican order of things; and it is needless to add, that we should rejoice to find the misgivings which we, in common with others, have entertained, disproved by the event. [*N. Y. States.*

DOMESTIC.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

On Saturday, at 9 o'clock, on the opening of the Circuit Court of the United States, Merchant and Colson, who had been convicted of murder, were brought to receive sentence.—Judge Story, after a solemn and impressive address pronounced sentence of death, to be executed on the first day of February next. The prisoners, so far from manifesting any just sense of their awful condition, or any compunctions for the atrocious crime they have committed, conducted themselves in the most indecent and intemperate manner, and addressed the Judge, the Jury, and the officers of the Court, in the most abusive and profane language. The conduct of these unhappy men, in the commission of the crime for which they are to suffer, and since they have been on their trial, has been that of the most hardened and depraved of human beings. The particulars of the crime have been mostly stated heretofore, when the news of the event was announced. The schooner Fairy sailed from Boston on the 8th of August last, for Gottenburg, with a cargo worth about $7,000, and six persons on board, viz: Edward Selfridge, son of the late Thomas O. Selfridge, master, Thomas P. Jenkins, mate, the two prisoners, seamen, with John Murray, a seaman, and Hughes, steward.

The two last named persons (with Capt. Hook and Mr. Pike, who assisted in the arrest) were the principal witnesses on the trial. In the course of the voyage, Merchant inquired of Murray if there was money on board. He also complained of being kept too long at the helm, and Colson complained that the Captain had thrown water on him. On the night of August 27, it was the Captain's watch on deck, with Colson and Hughes, until 12 o'clock; and the mate's with Merchant, after 12. At 1 the Captain and Hughes went below, and went to sleep. At 4 o'clock in the morning, watch was called. Murray, who had been below and asleep all night, and Hughes, got up, found the hatch of the forecastle closed and fastened, although the weather was hot. After a short time the hatchway was opened, and Hughes and Murray went up. They found Colson at the helm, and Merchant sitting on the rail. One of them inquired for the mate, and Merchant replied, "we have killed Captain and mate, and thrown them overboard." This declaration was confirmed by Colson, in language the most vulgar and profane. He said they were willing to suffer for it, if they were caught. Merchant ordered the steward to get the best breakfast in the vessel. He and Colson threw overboard anchors, cables, &c. and stove water casks, as Colson said, to lighten the vessel, and make her sail faster. After breakfast, they took out the Captain's desk, and destroyed part of the papers. They divided the Captain's clothes, Merchant taking his chest, and Colson putting the clothes into his own chest. They discharged the pistols, four in number, and reloaded them, taking two each. The bed clothes were gone from the Captain's birth, there was blood on the pillow, on the cabin floor, the steps, the quarter deck, and rail, and on Merchant's trowsers. They steered various courses, and in three days made the coast of Nova Scotia. Merchant and Colson then bored auger holes in the vessel and put in plugs. When about 5 miles from land, they got out the boat, put provisions, 3 chests, a sextant and compass into it; the two witnesses were ordered into it; the plugs were taken out; and Colson cut holes in the side of the vessel, near the water's edge, to make her sink faster. They then made for the shore. Colson and Merchant agreed to say they belonged to brig Fame of Philadelphia, which had foundered at sea, that there were eight hands in all, and that the Captain and mate and two of the crew had taken to the other boat, which had parted company in a fog. Towards evening, Aug. 30, they entered the harbor of Louisburgh. They were seen coming in by Capt. Hook, and Francis Pike, mate, of the schooner Sally, of Newburyport, who had put in there for water. To them, whom they met shortly after landing, they told the story which they had agreed on. Murray and Hughes the next morning found an opportunity to disclose the truth to Hook and Pike, who immediately took measures to have the murderers apprehended, in which they succeeded on the following morning. Capt. Pike stated on the trial, that when Colson was arrested and brought in, after the examination of Merchant, Colson said to Merchant, "Oh, Charley, if you had heard to me, we should'nt have come to this."—"I know I have got to die, and I'll tell the truth, you (Merchant) killed the mate, and I killed the Captain; I was forward, heard you strike a blow, heard the mate fall, and when I came aft, you was throwing him overboard;" then Merchant picked up a bolt and said if Colson didn't go and kill the Captain he should be killed too.—Colson went below with the axe, but his heart failed him. Merchant then followed him down again with the bolt, when Colson struck the Captain with the axe—Captain screeched—Merchant then sprung down, dragged the Captain out of his birth, and finished him on the cabin floor—then both hauled him up the cabin stairs, and threw him overboard through the port hole. Merchant made no reply."

Kennebunk, Dec. 23.

HORRID TRANSACTION. We are informed that on Tuesday last, a person by the name of *Ivory Goodwin* of Kennebunk Port, a being naturally possessed of a malignant and revengeful temper, and who has added to his natural depravity by the immoderate use of ardent spirits, loaded his gun with shot and discharged its contents into the floor of the room in which he lived, observing to his wife (who is said to be a woman of a fine disposition, but who has long suffered from his ill treatment) that it was a warning. He then re-loaded his gun, his wife having ran into another room occupied by a Mr. Gooch, where Goodwin pursued her; on his attempting to enter the room, Mrs. Gooch pushed him back, shut the door and held it, when he immediately discharged the contents of his gun through the door, which entered her body, and she fell back into a chair; he then entered the room, and observed that he had not killed the d——d bitch, but would soon fix her. He then a third time loaded his piece, when the cries of the woman and the report of his gun brought the Rev. Gideon Cook to the spot, at the moment he was priming it. Mr. Cook took the gun from him, asking him what he meant by such conduct. His answer was without sorrow or compunction at the horrid transaction which he had just perpetrated; but on the contrary, regretted that he did not kill her, and wished that she might die. He was arrested and taken before Geo. Wheelwright, Esq. examined and committed to York gaol, to await his trial at the next term of the Supreme Court in April next.

A large number of shot entered the body of Mrs. Gooch, but we are happy to learn, that hopes are entertained of her recovery.

MELANCHOLY EVENT. On Thursday evening, 21st ult. Mr. Daniel Goodwin, son of Capt. Nathaniel Goodwin, of Biddeford, disappeared in a mysterious manner, the particulars of which, as far as they can be ascertained are as follows:—

About 8 o'clock he left his father's house and the family supposed he had only gone out for a few moments: but after some time had elapsed, without his returning, the family became alarmed for his safety, and an inquiry and search for him was commenced. It was ascertained that he had been at the house of a Mr. McLellan, which is situated near the river—but the precise time of his leaving the house could not be identified. In the course of the night, however, the friends of the unfortunate young man discovered blood and other melancholy indications of his fate, on the bank of the river just above the Free bridge near the house of Capt. White. His hat was also found about 40 rods below the place where the blood was discovered which leads to the unavoidable conclusion that Mr. Goodwin came to a melancholy and untimely end, either by accident or design. Many conjectures are entertained relative to the unfortunate affair—but as the body has not been found, nothing certain can be known as to the cause of the catastrophe. Mr. Goodwin was 31 years of age. *Saco Pal.*

[From the N. Y. National Advocate.]

SINGULAR PRESERVATION. A few days ago a very amusing and somewhat dangerous occurrence took place at a small Circus in the Bowery, in which there is an exhibition of Wild Beasts, such as elephants, tigers, lions, &c. The keeper of the Collection one day went to dinner, as usual, under the impression that his four-footed actors were snug in their cages. It was not so. The cage that contained a tiger and a tigress, was in a state of decripitude, so that the ferocious couple broke loose. If their keeper was to eat his beef steak, Mr. and Mrs. Tiger thought they ought to have something fresh too. Accordingly, being free as air, they cast their eyes round the habitation, as a gormandizer would in a cook-shop, and so selected a fine foreign animal, called the Lama, on which to dine upon. At the approach of the tigering couple the poor Lama got scared and set up a grunt. It would not do. One of the tiger family (we have tiger families elsewhere) sprung at his throat, brought him down and tapped his jugular vein in a twinkling. Here both the animals sipped away with great perseverance, as fast and as cordially as the cobler and his wife hung over a cider barrel in New Jersey which they soon emptied of its contents. The heart of the poor Lama was soon drank dry by these two feline topers.

In the mean time the keeper had finished his dinner, drunk his glass, and was puffing away at the butt end of a Spanish segar, when he entered and found the work that had been going on. He was alarmed at first, but his personal courage did not ooze away, as Acre's did in the play. He ventured into the ring with a noose to fling over the heads of the two ferocious animals; while they were sucking out the last drop of blood from the poor Lama.—The tigress finishing her repast sooner than her mate, turned round while the keeper was in the very act of catching them, and made preparations to spring upon him, in the same way that a cat does when she sees a mouse. The keeper felt the danger of his situation, but with great presence of mind, he made a retreat behind his elephant, who, from the other side of the Circus was looking on the scene with great composure. The tigress did not forego her intent. She made a spring at the keeper past the elephant, but just at this moment the sagacious animal observing, it would seem, the danger of his keeper, let out his trunk with the celerity of an arrow from the bow, and pitched the tigress to the farther end of the Circus.

A wonderful hurly burly was now kicked up. All the monkies and baboons scampered up the rafters, and the glaring eyes of the enraged tigress struck dread into the whole, except the elephant, who folded up his trunk with neatness after his feat, and the lion who sat in his cage on his hips like a dog, looking on with great dignity and composure. The keeper now ran out from behind the elephant, and approaching his trunk, uttered certain words, which the sagacious animal understands with so much correctness. The elephant unrolled his trunk, the keeper got astride, and in a moment was elevated to the back of his preserver.

In the mean time the tigress had recovered from the toss she had got, and made new preparations to spring upon the keeper, who was upon the back of the elephant. The elephant saw, and took *probosis* measures accordingly. Again the tigress sprung upon the man and again the elephant interposed his trunk and tossed the tigress a second time to the farthest extremity of the Circus. The pitch wounded the side of the tigress, and finding there was no use in trying further to tap the jugular of the keeper, she sneaked into her cage with what she had got.

While this business was going on, the tiger himself had begun to look round, and see what fun could be picked up. On raising his head from the lama, the first thing that struck him was the Lion sitting in his cage with great dignity and unconcern. The tiger showed his teeth; the lion slightly shook his mane. The tiger drew back on his hind legs to make a spring: the lion rose up with dignity and shot fire from his eyes.

The tiger sprung at the cage with great fury, forcing one of his claws in between two of the bars, and at the same instant the lion made a grab at the tiger's fore foot, caught it firmly between his tusks, pulled the whole leg into the cage, and held him there until the keeper saw the opportunity, fling[illegible]

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himself from the back of the elephant, ran with his noose to the tiger and secured him in a moment.

After this was accomplished, the lion generously let go his hold, and the keeper dragged the other to his cage and secured them both.—And thus by a singular train of circumstances, in which the instinct and trunk of the elephant, no less than the teeth and temper of the lion, bore a conspicuous part, did the poor keeper get rescued from the jaws of the tiger and tigress.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY.....JANUARY 3, 1827.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Readers, the wishes of the Season due,
With friendly hearts, we offer you;
May peace and plenty crown the year,
And be received with thanks sincere:
May Heav'n from ill designs defend,
And smiling health your steps attend.
May age look back on seasons past,
Nor reason have to dread the last;
Meridian life, reform defects,
And youth be train'd, as God directs.
May useful enterprise be blest,
And vice, and idleness, represt;
May learning, science, arts, increase,
And statesmen seek our country's peace.
Our country, favor'd, happy land,
It owns no tyrant's stern command;
But blest with wise and equal laws,
And hearts devoted to her cause.
A genial clime, and fruitful soil,
Rewards the farmer's healthful toil;
Here manufacturer's fruit repays,
The busy artist's lab'ring days.
Different trades their int'rest blend;
Our ships, to ev'ry clime extend,
Return with richly laden stores,
And leave their treasures on our shores.
Let Spain possess her mines of gold,
Be India's spicy sweets untold;
Let Afric' boast her golden sands,
Columbia, freedom's glory stands.

From num'rous sources, comforts flow,
Much to the Printer's art, we owe;
Ho labors, knowledge to diffuse,
To mend the heart, proclaim the news.
Our paper makes no great pretence
To merit; but plain common sense,
We hope we never shall offend;
But news with truth and reason blend.
We love our country from our heart,
And with her foes will bear no part;
Disdain a party badge to wear,
But make good will and peace our care.
Happy to have it in our pow'r,
To please, instruct, a passing hour;
What 's good commend, our faults forgive,
'T is by your patronage we live.

New Year. We have just commenced another year. Time's wheels have rolled us along, and we are still moving on towards that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." We may for a few moments cast our mind's eye back and take a retrospective view of the year past—Its political changes have been few: Alexander, the Emperor of all the Russias, has gone the way of his fathers, showing us that death has no respect for Kings.—The fall of *Missolonghi* was an event which caused every well wisher to liberty to mourn. This fortress was marked out and erected by Lord Byron, the generous and noble friend of the Greeks. Yet Greece still lives; and she has the prayers and wishes of every *real* son of freedom that she may yet achieve her independence.—In England the times have borne hard upon the poor and laboring classes—yet we are cheered with the prospect that their burden is growing lighter.—In France the times are tranquil;—while Spain and Portugal have been slightly disturbed.—South America is verging, we hope, towards freedom and independence.—In our own country we have lost the Framer, as well as the Advocate of our excellent National Constitution. Jefferson and Adams, who by their virtues and services had endeared themselves to the people, both slept with their fathers on the Anniversary of that day which gave birth to our liberty and independence—a coincidence beyond a parallel in ancient or modern history.

The year past has been with us a season of general prosperity. Our Farmers have reapt the fruits of their labors and toils; our Mechanics have been rewarded for their industry; while our Merchants and Traders have in general realized their reasonable expectations: Our Physicians have been rather out of employment, owing to the general prevalence of health; and some of our Lawyers have closed their doors for the want of clients, while others have been obliged to support themselves upon what they have heretofore accumulated, or live in anticipation of future earnings. In short, general prosperity has been our lot, and we hope that we may realize *this year*, all the blessings of the last and much more abundantly.

Few towns, at the commencement of the New Year, have greater cause of gratitude to the Supreme Giver of every good, for the blessings of the past year, than the inhabitants of this town. While we have shared in an eminent degree the ordinary blessings of Providence, we have been preeminently blessed in exemption from disease and death. No fatal malady has prevailed; and from a population of fifteen hundred souls, we have been called to consign to the congregation of the dead only five. The names of the deceased with the causes of their death are as follows, viz:—David Frost, debility of age; Ebenezer Cobb, consumption; Israel Millett, consumption; William Pierce, killed by the falling of a tree; an infant child of William Churchill, of an infantile complaint. It is still further remarkable, that, with the exception of the child of Mr. Churchill, which died last week, there has not occurred in this town the death of an individual under adult age since September, 1825.

Congress. At our last dates from Washington, the business of Congress was not of an interesting nature to our readers; it was mostly of a local kind, belonging to the Southern and Western States.

Revolutionary Officers & Soldiers.—The cause of this long neglected class of citizens, is again brought before Congress. It is taken up at an early day of the session, and we hope taken up in earnest; not with a view to deceive by a shew of doing something for their relief, when nothing is intended; but with an honest determination to act with effect.

We have become a great and happy nation, a nation exalted in privileges; we have become a wealthy people, able to make appropriations for almost every species of national improvement; and shall we deny to that small portion of our fellow citizens, to whom under God, we are indebted for our independence and prosperity, the means of participating in our enjoyment? Shall we say to them, "go, starve and be forgotten"? To what purpose is it, that we, on all days of national festivity and rejoicing, praise the revolutionary patriot in our songs and orations, if, when he asks us to make him comfortable with our substance, our hands are clinched and we are silent as the grave.

We present our thanks to the Hon. Peleg Sprague, Member of Congress from *Kennebec District*, for a copy of the Documents accompanying the President's Message.

The Season. Winter has now come upon us in earnest; the ground is now covered with snow to the depth of nearly two feet, and the merry music of the *sleigh bells* salutes our ears. This is the season for to sit and hear "the excluded tempest idly rave along," at least in order not to come in contact with "Jack Frost"; and we ought to make it useful, if we have but *little* to *enjoy a great deal*. It is not absolutely necessary for our enjoyments that we should be the constant attendants of "balls" or "assemblies," or be giving or receiving visits every evening in the week. Our *best* company should be our partners in life, in the bosom of our families, or some one or two special friends—friends we mean who are such in *winter* as well as summer—in a *stormy* day as well as a *fair* one. With *such* company home and the fireside hold out strong attractions, especially if we have a tight room, a good fire, some apples and a little cider, with a good book or newspaper, (we mean the *Observer*,) interspersed with useful and entertaining conversation. How pleasant and delightful to spend these long winter evenings in the company of our families, endeavoring to "rear the tender mind and teach the young idea how to shoot," to watch and see the tender bud expand, and try to form the opening mind for usefulness in life; to put all our concerns in order, settle and adjust our accounts, and endeavor, if possible, to be "square with the world." We will appeal to our readers if they do not think it much better to spend their evenings in this way than to assemble at the *tavern* or *grog shop*, and spend them in *gambling*, story telling, or drinking amidst noise and confusion.

Information. The Editor of the Patriot (*Doct. Low*) says, he cannot understand whether we meant to censure the Presses generally in this State, or *him* for his temerity in venturing to censure Gov. Parris. We can assure the good Doctor that if he will just fix his *glass* a second time upon the paragraph in our paper, that he will *discover* that it contained no idea or sentiment which could fairly be construed to mean censure or blame upon him, or any of the presses in this State.—We rather suspect that the Doctor's glass was a little dusty, if we understand correctly his views respecting the "pure and unadulterated Republicanism in this County." We apprehend the *change* which he alludes to, will not be of the most *favorable* nature for *his* side of politics.

Coincidence. This day the Legislatures of this State and Massachusetts meet. The two States, once united, had for a few months Hon. Levi Lincoln for their Chief Magistrate; two of his sons are now their respective Governors. We suspect it is hard to find a parallel of this kind.

Something New. It is stated, that several Bales of Cotton have been raised the past season, in the garden of Daniel Waldo, Esq. in *Worcester*, Mass.

Accident. We regret to state that, as Mr. Sheriff Whitney was passing from Paris to Buckfield, on the 26th ult., his horse took fright, overset his sleigh, and that his leg was badly broken, and he was otherwise severely, but, we hope, not dangerously injured.

The *American Patriot* has been designated as the paper to publish the Laws and Resolves of the United States, in room of the *Eastern Argus*. The Editor of the *Argus*, however, assures its readers, that he shall continue to publish them as heretofore, so that its readers will lose nothing by the change.—"Rotation," is a Republican maxim; and we *expect* yet to publish "By Authority."

In reply to the polite note from our friends the *Editors* of the *Kennebec Journal*, we will inform them that they were *right* in guessing that *Norway* was a small village in Oxford County—but *wrong* in supposing the Editor had turned Missionary. The truth is, he has a little "antipathy" to "Canals" and "Mill Dams," and merely moved a few miles to be further from them.

Somerset and Penobscot. The second attempt to elect a Representative in this District for the next Congress, has proved unsuccessful.

Money. It is stated, that the Mines in Mexico the past year have been very productive, so much so that about *fourteen millions of dollars* were coined.

Look Out! Counterfeit ten-dollar notes of the Hartford Phenix Bank are in circulation, of the letter B. number 1806, payable to S. Sloan; and dated July 21, 1821. They are clumsily executed. [*N. Y. Statesman.*

Fires. On Sunday night the 24th ult. the store of Japheth C. Washburn, in China, with all its contents, was consumed by fire, in consequence of the bursting of a bottle of spirits of turpentine. The books and notes were all lost. The store had just been filled with a large stock of goods for the winter; and no insurance had been effected upon it. The flames were communicated to the adjoining store of Mr. Marshall, which was also destroyed. The latter was insured. The office of Jacob Smith, Esq., was likewise burnt; and that of S. S. Warren, Esq., was pulled down.

We understand that a fullingmill was burnt in Fairfield on Friday night the 22d ult.—*Hallowell Gaz.*

Doctors of Law, and Doctors of Physic. The Legislature of Ohio, at their last session, passed a law, taxing *Lawyers* and *Physicians* in a sum not less than *five*, nor more than *fifty* dollars per head, as the Court of Common Pleas, in each County, in their own discretion, might levy. The Court in Cincinnati ordered five dollars to be levied and collected from each one, which has been the occasion of a very large meeting of the two professions in Cincinnati. The meeting, in an able report, pronounced the law unconstitutional, and very properly determined to resist the payment of the tax, until a decision can be had by the Supreme Court.

The impropriety of such a law, in every respect, is too obvious to require serious notice; but we think it proper to say, that this and other enactments sometimes passed, in a spirit of levity, detract from the dignity of legislation, and should be unreservedly condemned.
N. Y. States.

Young Men look here! At the last Court of Oyer and Terminer for Warren, Mr. Adam Cool was fined $1 and costs, that is, 20 to 30 dollars in all, for ———what do you think girls? Kissing Miss Catherine Berry without her consent. No other harm done. At the same term, Elizabeth B. Carter, obtained a verdict of $650 against George W. Barber, for a breach of promise of marriage. Good enough.—*Trent. Emp.*

Died,

In Chilmark, (Martha's Vineyard,) Doct. Allen Mayhew, aged 59.

In Shutesbury, Nov. 27th, Mr. Michael Pratt, aged *one hundred and three years*. His father was Ephraim Pratt, who died in Shutesbury about 22 years ago, at the advanced age of 116 years!—*Hampshire Gazette.*

TO DELINQUENTS.

WE are under the necessity of informing all such of our subscribers as are indebted for the Observer for two years and upwards, that we are in great want of money, "and must have it." We sincerely hope that this notice will not be disregarded; if it is, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of giving *another*, of a different kind.
Jan. 3.

To Adventurers.

THE *Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery* is expected to draw next week.—Now is the time for all such as expect to make their fortunes in buying Tickets, to make application.

3,000 Dollars

are worth having these hard times.

Tickets and Parts, from E. SHAW'S famous Prize Office, for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore.*
Jan. 3.

WANTED,

A SMART active Boy from 14 to 16 years of age as an Apprentice to the Printing Business;—to one of industrious and moral habits, good encouragement will be given, by applying at this Office. *Jan. 3.*

NO MISTAKE!!!

BRADLEY & DOW

HAVE just received ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PIECES of fine, superfine, blue, black, olive, claret, and mixt

Broadcloths & Cassimeres,

which are offered *very low*—say ten per cent. lower than "Auction Prices."

—*ALSO*—

50 pieces SATTINETS,
20 bales Sheetings and Shirtings,

with a general assortment of prime British and American

Piece Goods,

all which they will sell at prices lower than ever before offered in this market, for "Sixteen Years."

Portland, Dec. 22. 9wis 131

PROBATE NOTICE....*Extra.*

IN consequence of the ill health of the Judge of Probate, the Probate Courts appointed to be holden at Waterford, in the County of Oxford, on the Monday preceding the 3d Tuesday of January, and at Fryeburg, on the 3d Tuesday of January next, are adjourned to the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next.
Per order of the Judge.
THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.*
Paris, Dec. 19, 1826. *130

New Store & New Goods.

B. WALES,

HAS established himself in business in this town, and has taken the store next to that occupied by Mark Harris, Esq. *Middle-street*, where he has just received an entire new and extensive Stock of

GOODS,

comprising a heavy and general assortment of *Drugs and Medicines, Paints & Dye-Stuffs*, among which may be found the following articles—

Drugs, Medicine, &c.

Gum Opium; Tart Emetic; Calomel; Castor; Columbo; Cantharides; Peruvian Barks; Antimony; Oil Peppermint, Oil Cloves, and all other Oils generally inquired for; Musk; Blue Pill; Gum Galbanum; Glauber, Rochelle, Epsom and Soda Salts; Flake Manna; Gum Arabic; Phos Iron; Gamboge; Myrrh; Aloes; Rhubarb; Picra; Pink Root; Crem Tartar; Sulphur; Red and White Precipitate; Quicksilver; Guaicum; Valerian; Wormseed; Opodeldoc; British Oil; Prusic Acid; Sperm Ceti; Camphor; Magnesia; Chamomile Flowers; Croton Oil; Cold Pressed Castor Oil, by the gallon or bottle; Gentian; Iceland Moss; Oatmeal; Pearlash; Salaratis; Arrow Root; Sago; Salop; Pearl Barley; and numerous other articles, which, together with a long catalogue of

PATENT MEDICINES,

renders the assortment very full and complete—Also, *Surgeons' Instruments*, such as Pocket Cases; Teeth Instruments; Lancets; Catheters; Amputating and Dissecting Cases; Bougies; Trusses; Stomach Tubes, &c. &c.

Paints, Oils, &c.

Dry and Ground White Lead; Red Lead; French Yellow; Black Lead; Stone Yellow; Rose Pink; Chrome Yellow; Umber; Ivory Black; Lamp Black; Vermillion; Glue; Venetian Red; Spanish Brown; Purple Brown; Verdigris; French Green; Paris White; Whiting; Lytharge; Pumice Stone; Rotten Stone; Drop Lake; Flake White; Blue Smalts; Prussian Blue; Blue, Purple and White Frostings; Sand Paper; Paint Knives; Paint Brushes; C. H. Pencils; White Wash Brushes; Orange Red; India Red; Distilled Verdigris; Linseed Oil; Spirits Turpentine; Copal, Japan, and Bright Varnish; Gold, Silver and Brass Leaf; Silver and Copper Bronze; Gum Copal; Gum Shellack; Sugar of Lead; White Vittiol; Emery; Rosin; Dutch Pink; White and Red Chalk, &c.

Dye Stuffs, &c.

Logwood; Redwood; Fustic; Nicaragua; Camwood; Alum; Copperas; Indigo; Blue Vitriol; Madder; Woad; Cudbear; Oil Vitriol; Aqua Fortis; Muriatic Acid; Red Tartar; Nutgalls; Verdigris; Clothiers' Jacks; Screws; Cotton and Wool Cards; Iron Mortars.

Ground Logwood, } Selected for retailing.
" Fustic, }
" Redwood, }
" Nicaragua, }
" Camwood, }

Otter; Rocoe; Tenter Hooks, &c.

ALSO—Saltpeter; Roll Brimstone; Stone Jugs; Stone Pots; Sponge; Gum Shellack and Lyts Wine, for Hatters' use; Sweet Oil; LAMP OIL; Pepper; Pepper Sauce; SPICES of various kinds; Macaboy, Scotch, Aromatic, and Cephalic SNUFF; Tamarinds; Refined and Crude Borax; Coach Varnish; Junk Bottles by the Hamper; Bottle Corks; Lamps; Card Tacks; Boston and Chelmsford WINDOW GLASS, of first and second qualities, and of various sizes.—B. W. being appointed Agent for the *New-England Crown Glass Company*, will sell their Glass at the lowest factory prices, and orders to any amount and for any size of Glass, will be executed at short notice. Glass constantly at retail.

Physicians, Clothiers, Hatters, Traders, and all others in want of any of the above articles, will find them of a genuine quality, and at fair prices for cash or credit.

☞Cash given for Beeswax, Mustard Seed, and Flax Seed.

Portland, Dec. 26. 3m 130

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Goodale's Spelling Books, new edition—Springer's Hymns, 4th edition—Universalist's Hymn Books, new kind—Smith and Jones' Hymns, &c.

Also—Ingersol's Grammar, abridged, for the use of schools.

Likewise—Brown's History of Universalism. *Jan. 3.*

OPODELDOC.

THE subscriber has been appointed agent for selling *Johnson's Opodeldoc*—both at wholesale and retail. Physicians, Traders, and others, can be supplied on the most reasonable terms. ASA BARTON.
Jan. 3.

FOR SALE at the *Oxford Bookstore*, *ALMANACKS* stitched in Marble Covers, with Blank Leaves.

JUST published and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Rev. Mr. Streeter's *THANKSGIVING SERMON.*

REMOVAL!

THE subscribers have *removed* the OXFORD BOOKSTORE to Norway Village; where they now have, and shall endeavor to keep constantly for Sale, a large and complete Stock of

BOOKS, STATIONARY, & FANCY ARTICLES,

which they will sell at very low prices for CASH. GLAZIER & CO.
Norway, Dec. 21.

J. HASKELL,

HAS recently opened an extensive Stock of

CAPS,

of various kinds and prices.

BEAVER BONNETS,

Drab and Black.

Buffalo Robes.

PLUMES.

FUR TRIMMING.

Ostrich Trimming.

Fur Gloves & Mocasons.

Also—A large stock of

HATS

of his own Manufacture, warranted equal to any in New-England.

No. 2, Boyd's Buildings, Middle-street, two doors from Exchange-street.
Portland, Dec. 6, 1826. 6w 128

SCHOOL BOOKS AND Stationary,

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

MORSE'S, Cummings', Adams', Goldsmith's, Woodbridge's and Worcester's GEOGRAPHY and Atlas; Cummings' Easy Lessons; Perry's, Walker's, and Johnson's DICTIONARIES; Murray's, Fisk's, and Ingersol's GRAMMARS; Young Ladies' Accidence; Whelpley's Compend, with Questions; Scott's Lessons; English Reader; American Preceptor; Columbian Orator; Murray's Introduction; Murray's Sequel; Evangelical Instructor; Museum; Student's Companion, *new edition*; Pike's, Walsh's, Bezout's and Kinne's ARITHMETICS; Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Books; Scholar's First Book; with most School Books used in this part of the State—All of which will be sold cheap, either by the dozen or single.

Also,—Writing and Cyphering Books; Quills; Ink Powder; Slates and Pencils; Paper, &c. *Dec. 21.*

Pay your Postage.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber for Postage of Newspapers, are requested to pay the same before the 15th day of January next. Persons will find receipts where their respective papers are left. It is hoped that all interested will observe the above notice, as all accounts which may remain unsettled, will be left with an Attorney immediately after the expiration of the time above specified. PHILIP C. MASON.
Paris, Dec. 21, 1826. 130

Lately published and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC

CLASS BOOK,

EMBRACING the leading facts and principles of science, illustrated by engravings, with many difficult words explained at the heads of the lessons, and questions annexed for examination, designed as exercises for reading and study of the higher classes in common schools.

—Also—

EASY LESSONS—For the use of the younger classes in common schools.
Jan. 3.

FOR SALE

BY THE SUBSCRIBER,

150 Bushels Good CORN;
300 do. do. RYE;
100 do. do. WHEAT.

—Also—

60 M. good Laying SHINGLES:

which will be sold low for Cash or Six Months' Credit, good security.
JOHN R. BRIGGS.
Woodstock, Oct. 30, 1826. tf 122

Bridgewater Collection.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, the Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music, 16th edition. *Dec. 21.*

Almanacks for 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, by the hundred, dozen, or single, the

Maine Farmers' Almanack for 1827.

Also, for sale by Messrs. Morse & Hall, Oren Shaw, Thomas Crocker, Esq. and Maj. John Dennett, *Paris*. Mr. Increase Robinson, Ichabod Bartlett, William Cox, *Norway*. Nahaniel Harlow, Esq., Nathan Atwood, *Buckfield*. Cyrus Clark & Son, *Turner*.

HAY FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has for sale 12 or 15 tons of good HAY, at his barn in Paris, at ten dollars per ton. For further information please inquire of Mr. *David Chesley*, or the subscriber. NICHOLAS CHESLEY, Jr.
Dixfield, Dec. 12. 128

CONSTANTLY for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Anderson's Cough Drops—Brown's Drops for Fits—Doctor Relf's Botanical Drops—Lee's Pills—Dean's Rheumatic Pills—Itch Ointment—Court Plaister—Shaving Soap—Wash Balls—Pomatum—Black Ball, &c. *Dec. 28.*

ANDERSON'S COUGH DROPS.

A FRESH SUPPLY of this invaluable Medicine for the cure of *Coughs* and *Consumptions*, has just been received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, both in large and small bottles.—It is deemed wholly unnecessary to insert any of the numerous Certificates given in favor of this truly valuable Medicine, as the numerous calls for it by the afflicted fully test the estimation in which it is held by the public.

Price—Large bottles, one dollar—Small Js. fifty cents. *Jan. 3.*

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TWILIGHT.

Mild Twilight, contemplation's favor'd hour,
I love to feel thy care-dispelling pow'r;
To look into my heart, the past review,
And seek to know what yet remains to do.

Remains to do! Time's work will soon be done;
For, see revolving suns, how swift they run.
Shall folly, then, my precious moments share,
Or earth's alluring toys engross my care?

Enough of time to folly has been giv'n,
Let remnant hours be spent for GOD and Heav'n.
To Him who holds our breath, our time is due;
'Tis wisdom's part to keep life's end in view:
To look beyond earth's narrow, transient shore,
To an eternal home, where seasons roll no more;
Where pleasure blooms, and grief gives place to joy,
And love and praise shall be the soul's employ.

The sober hour of day's departing close,
A humble shade o'er human grandeur throws;
We view the sun's last, ling'ring, setting ray,
An emblem of life's solemn closing day.

The hour when death and untried scenes are near,
And earth's illusive charms will disappear;
We see in evening's silent, sable gloom,
The night which hovers o'er the lonely tomb.

The Christain's eye beyond these scenes will rise,
By faith explore the mansions in the skies;
No dusky twilight there, no gloomy night,
But one eternal day of cloudless light.

A. C.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

A Mother's Address to her Infant.

Sweet babe, that slumb'rest on my breast,
Where thou hast found a home;
Thou dost not think, my little guest,
To what a world thou'rt come.

Happy for thee, thou dost not dream
What ill, may prove thy fate;
What woes on life's eventful stream,
Thy future years await.

A parent's arms infold thee now
Secure from ev'ry snare;
No sorrows on thy pillow grow,
Blest babe, stranger to care:

Thy guiltless bosom feels no sting;
No stain thy conscience knows;
No fears which thoughts of past can bring,
Disturb thy calm repose.

Could fortune's gifts, my pray'rs bestow,
Thy lot should cloudless be,
As is thy little infant brow
From ev'ry blemish free;

Grief's bitter sigh should never break
Thy breast's serenity;
No tear should dew thy lovely cheek,
Save that of sympathy.

But who can tell what fate's decreed?
When left the world to try,
How oft thy gentle heart may bleed
At cruel destiny?

Deceitful flow'rs, the pathway gild,
In which thy youth must tread;
Beneath whose luring blooms conceal'd,
Are lurking dangers spread:

Where thousand flatt'ring forms appear
Array'd in virtue's wreath,
Whose soft delusive smiles are fair,
Whose pois'nous touch is death.

A mother's counsel thou wilt need;
But she, whose constant eye
Would watch, whose hand, thy steps, would lead,
May low and silent lie.

O, might some friendly angel's arm
Guide thee in safety, peace,
And guard thy tender head from harm,
When my fond love shall cease.

J——a.

THE OLIO.

[From the Literary Cabinet.]

ON MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Who that has seen a mother fondly bending over her infant babe, and gazing with the mixed feeling of love and tenderness on the image which it presents to her, that will withhold the tribute of respect? To see her in all the enthusiastic feelings of the heart, clasp her offspring to her bosom—to view her lulling by the soft melody of her voice, the helpless innocent into balmy sleep, and to survey her as she watches the sleeping moments of her darling child, while with anxious solicitude she anticipates its every want, is a sight, at which heroes and statesmen, philosophers and sages, may stand for a moment and gaze with delight.

Is there a feeling that actuates the human heart, so powerful as that of maternal affection? Who but woman, lovly woman, can feel that tender sensation so strong? The father, indeed, may press his lovely infant to his manly heart, but does it throb with those feelings which irresistibly overcome the mother? Does his masculine form tremble with the same anxious solicitude for the welfare of his child? No: though ties of blood and nature inseparably connect them in the bonds of affection and love, still his insatiate bosom is incapable of the tender feelings of the mother; while she, alive to all the sensibilities of the soul in a paroxysm of love and delight, trembles with the feelings of maternal affection. What power but the Eternal, can separate the fond mother from the being she has given life to. No pathless desert or gloomy forest, nor trackless ocean, with all their unnumbered dangers, can deter her intrepid soul from seeking her offspring in the hour of trial.

Maternal affection is inherent in the nature of a woman—it is planted within them—it is as lasting as the existence of human feeling, and while reason holds her seat, the feelings of a mother's heart will recognise, through the lapse of time, the child of her bosom.

AN ABSENT SON.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

LAWYERS AND MINISTERS.

Care is very unequally distributed in this world. Some people skate over life with beautiful rapidity, and not pause in pleasure. The path of others is irksome, rough, rugged and precipitous. Now, although it is a part of our creed, that every man may be happy who chooses to be so, yet, are there certainly greater facilities of happiness in some tracks, than in others—something more genial in the moral climate, to the growth of joy.

It is well, however, that this is not generally understood; otherwise we should behold a monopoly of pursuit, and all mankind, instead of being physicians, lawyers, &c. would inevitably be—*clergymen.*

The clergy have the easiest time of any people on this earth—perhaps it is because they deserve it. A clergyman enjoys a prescriptive respect and esteem, being ranked, by common consent, as high as a lady, and above a man. He has the charge of souls, which are not tangible, and have no rough edges, nor corners, nor acute angles, to annoy and afflict sensibility. The comforts of this world are accorded to him with cheerfulness. The merchant presents him a quarter-cask of Madeira—the planter a barrel of rice—the ladies send him sweetmeats, and all the baby-clothes of his children are made in advance, by the courteous labor of his youthful parishioners. A few hours toil produces his weekly discourse, which he delivers to hearers who believe all that he says, and never think of denying it if they do not. He is associated with happiness by those whom he marries, with wisdom by those whom he instructs, with hope by those whom he consoles, and with blessings by them all. Now can there be a more envied situation, a more smooth and unembarrassed journey, than this? Compared with the poor unfortunate lawyer, the clergyman travels on a railway, and the lawyer in a crazy wagon, struggling through mud and water, over a road abounding with ditches.

The lawyer incurs a perspective distrust. His gown is associated in the mind, not with the idea of purity and innocence, but of cunning and concealment. His client regrets that he has occasion to employ him, and struggles to get rid of him as early as possible. He is not like a clergyman, who acting by himself, cannot well differ from himself—nor like physicians, who meet only to consult and to agree, but like a gladiator, or, rather, like a game-cock, trained for perpetual war, and brought out of obscurity, only for a public contest. Much as he may love music, he must be always in discord; much as he may covet peace, he must never cease disputing. If there be only one side, he must make two out of it; and whether it be the right or the wrong, he must contend it is the right. He may be perfectly conscious of the superiority of another, but that won't do. He must oppose him in open court, and if he lose the victory, stands an excellent chance of losing his livelihood. People will take a clergyman, or a physician, on trust; but with regard to a lawyer, they are as fastidious as Othello, in requiring evidence.

So much for the general and pervading embarrassments of a lawyer's professional life. But if, unfortunately, he has a great deal of business, and several courts will sit at the same time, requiring him in all, then is there an additional distress, arising from the impossibility of being in more than one place at any one time. Then it is harassing indeed, to hear him called in the city court, and in the admiralty, and in the equity, and in the common law, and peradventure at chambers. "*Mungo here, Mungo there, and Mungo everywhere.*"

There is another additional misery, which is too true to make a joke of.—If, by any misfortune, people come to think that you are disinterested and humane, they imagine themselves entitled on all occasions, to your gratuitous labor, and to the wear and tear of your mind and affections. Thus comfortable is the profession of the law.

As a Scot and an Irishman were threshing for a Dutch farmer lately, the former observed to the latter, who was fresh from the hassocks of Kilkenny, that in the course of his longer residence in this country, he had remarked the uncommon docility of its horses; that among many instances of tractability, he had seen them actually employed in threshing out wheat. "Arrah, my jewel," cried Murphy O'Mullen, "I am half a dozen years too ripe to believe that." The Scotsman still persisted that he asserted nothing but the truth, and Murphy O'Mullen retained his unbelief, till staggered by his companion's serious and repeated asservations, he interrogated in a tone of wonder, "And how do they handl the flails?"

INDELIBLE INK,

FOR marking on Cotton and Linen, for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore.*

Dec. 21.

E. SHAW'S PRIZE LIST.

HERE begins the particulars of the Drawing of the Eighth Class *Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery.* The Prize Office is yet true to its motto. Nos. drawn were

22, 5, 14, 2, 23, 3,

Ticket Comb. 5, 14, 22, *Reg.* 3312,

$10,000.

Ticket Com.	2, 3, 23,	Reg. 840,	$5,000
Do. do.	5, 14, 23,	do. 3313,	500
Do. do.	2, 3, 22,	do. 839,	380
Do. do.	3, 5, 14,	do. 1647,	200

besides 100—50—10, &c. too numerous to particularize, making in all more than half the amount of the Lottery, having only sold about one twelfth part of the Tickets. The road is plain that leads to

Fortune's Home.

☞The whole of the Capitals were sold in Quarters and Eighths. Quarters of the $10,000 were the morning after the drawing, presented and promptly paid by a check on the Canal Bank—One Quarter held by two gentlemen of Saco—two by Mechanics of this town—the other parts are in the country.—The $5,000 was sold in Certificates, half owned by a Mechanic, the other half not yet presented. The other Prizes are held by different persons. Prizes were never better distributed—principally held by people who stood in need.

☞Here you have a good Scheme for the Ninth Class, which will draw on the 10th of January:

1	Prize of		$3,000
1	do.	"	1,100
4	Prizes	"	1,000
6	do.	"	200
12	do.	"	100
18	do.	"	50
60	do.	"	20
120	do.	"	10
1800	do.	"	4

☞No Scheme ever offered has given so good a chance for a $1000 Prize, there being but a few Tickets, and six Prizes of a thousand dollars and upwards. In order that all doubt may be removed in regard to this Class not drawing at the time appointed, and that the PRIZES as usual will be sold at the Prize Office, I offer to any person who will buy a Ticket, a $5 bill, if I do not on the 10th day of January, by 4 o'clock P. M. produce a Prize List of the drawing of the Ninth Class Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery, showing that I have sold either in whole or parts, four of the six Capital Prizes.

⁂ Tickets and Shares, by wholesale or retail, for sale in a variety of numbers on the best terms. Orders for Tickets promptly attended to if addressed to

ELIAS SHAW.

Price of Tickets $4—parts in proportion.

☞Call for *LUCKY NUMBERS.*☜

E. SHAW.

Dec. 12. 3w 129

Prizes & Blanks

For sale in the above Lottery at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, where has been sold Prizes of

$1000! $500! $100!

and smaller denominations. As this Lottery will positively draw by the 10th of January, persons who are desirous of purchasing should lose no time in doing it, as Tickets signed by *E. SHAW*, will soon be scarce.

☞Prize Tickets in the *Sullivan Bridge Lottery*, (an account of the drawing expected this evening,) taken for Tickets, or *Specie* paid for them, if purchased at the *Oxford Bookstore.* Norway, Dec. 21.

Androscoggin and White Mountain STAGE.

A COMPANY has lately been organized for the purpose of running a Stage on the north side of the White Mountains, from Lancaster, (N. H.) through Randolph, Shelburne, and Gilead, to Bethel, Maine. Efficient measures have been adopted to commence the running of the Stage on the first Wednesday of January next. The distance between Lancaster and Bethel is about 45 miles, and the Stage will be run on a road which will give to the Passengers an entire view of those lofty, sublime, and celebrated Mountains, whose name is used in part to designate the establishment, and will also afford a variety of rural scenery, highly delightful and exhilerating. This Stage, for the present, will start from Lancaster on Wednesday morning of each week and arrive in the evening of the same day at Bethel, and return to Lancaster on the day following. It will afford a facility and expedition of travelling between Maine and New Hampshire, which cannot be equalled by any Stage on another route, when the direction of this route shall have any bearing upon the point intended to be attained. The Stage now runs from Portland to Norway, will commence running to Bethel, through Greenwood, at the same time that the above Stage will, and will arrive at Bethel on Wednesday evening of each week;—thus will be formed a link in a line of Stages, which reach almost from one end of the Union to the other.—The fare between Bethel and Lancaster, will be Two Dollars each way, and to and from intermediate places, four cents per mile.

It is respectfully requested that the public will duly appreciate the utility of the running of this Stage and afford it such patronage as its importance requires.

WILLIAM FRYE, *Clerk of said Company.*

Bethel, Dec. 15, 1826. 129

ASA BARTON,

AGENT FOR THE

New-England Insurance Company,

Capital 200,000 Dollars,

continues to issue Polices at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the *OXFORD BOOKSTORE.*

Norway, Dec. 21.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to JONATHAN BEMIS, Jun. on Account or Note, except those with whom a different arrangement has been made, are hereby notified that unless a settlement is made before the first of January next, the demands against them will be left at the Office of J. G. COLE, Esq. in Paris, for immediate collection.

Paris, Dec. 16, 1826. 129

NEW STORE. New Goods.

JOSEPH HARROD

IS NOW OPENING for sale, an extensive assortment of

English, French, India, & American PIECE GOODS.

—LIKEWISE—

A great variety of Common, Fine, Super and Extra Superfine

Kidderminster Carpetings, with Medalion and Drop Figures.

VENETIAN FLOOR & STAIR CARPETS, HEARTH RUGS.

Carpet Bindings, &c.

—ALSO—

Dutch Bolting Cloths, from No. 4, to 12,

At the *NEW STORE*, corner of *Exchange and Middle-streets.*

Portland, Nov. 20, 1826. tf 125

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the Homestead FARM of the late *Elijah Bates*, situated in Paris, containing about 160 acres of Land, consisting of due proportions of Woodland, Mowing, Pasturing, Orcharding, and Tillage; has a convenient one story House, a good sized Barn, out buildings, &c. Said Farm is well Watered, well Fenced with Stone Wall, and in other respects, in a good state of repair, and cuts from 25 to 30 tons Hay annually.

Also—100 acre Lot, with some improvements, adjoining said Farm, will be sold with, or without the Farm, as may suit the purchaser.—Persons desirous of purchasing valuable Real Estate, would do well to examine. Any further information may be had by calling on the subscriber.

Unless the above be sold at private sale, it will be sold at Auction on the premises, on Wednesday the 14th of February next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. At the same time and place, will be sold at Auction, the following articles of Personal Property, belonging to the estate:

500 bushels POTATOES;
A quantity of CORN and GRAIN;
Several tons HAY;
And sundry other Articles.

TERMS OF SALE—Liberal, and will be made known at the time and place of Sale.

ASAPH KITTREDGE, *Adm'r.*

Paris, Dec. 7, 1826.

☞All persons indebted to the above Estate, whose terms of credit has expired, are requested to settle the same previous to that time. tds 128

To the Honorable the Legislature of the State of Maine for the year 1827:

THE subscribers respectfully represent, that in the vicinity of Crooked River, so called, which runs through the Counties of Cumberland and Oxford, are large quantities of Pine Timbers, of the first quality for sawing; and that much of the said timber, which otherwise would be very valuable, is now of but little value, on account of the obstructions in said river, which prevent the timber from being conveyed to a market.—They would also represent, that large quantities of Logs are now, and have been for years, rolled up in jambs, and now lie rotting on said river, with little prospect of their ever being floated to market down its natural channel: And that unless some artificial course is opened for their reception and conveyance, they must probably there lie and decay til they are worthless and lost.—They would farther represent, that the Falls, which forms the only obstructions to the floating and running of logs down this river, are *McWayne's* in Waterford—*Baker's* in Norway and Waterford—and *Gillson's* in Norway and Harrison.—They would also represent, that at a great expense, Canals and Slides may be constructed through and by the sides of there falls, through which all timbers received into the said river, might be transported with ease and safety.—They would farther represent, that many of the owners of timbers and timber lands on the river aforesaid, are anxious that such slides and canals be constructed, and are willing to pay the premium required by your Petitioners, should a grant be obtained.

Your Petitioners therefore respectfully request that the Honorable Legislature grant them the exclusive privilege of running all logs, which are to pass the falls aforesaid, through such slides and canals as by them shall be constructed as soon as practicable, and grant them a premium proportionate to the expenditures incurred in their construction, with a lien on all such logs till their tollage be defrayed.

CYRUS SHAW,
JOHN LOMBARD, JUN.
DAVID McWAYNE,
NATHANIEL PRIDE.

Dec. 1826. 129

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since.

JOHN WHIPPLE.

Hooksett, June, 1823.

☞For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the *Oxford Bookstore.*

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from HENRY RUST, Esq. Treasurer of the County of Oxford, in the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Townships of unimproved Lands in the County of Oxford, for the following County Tax for the years of our LORD eighteen hundred and twenty-four and twenty-five, viz:—

Township No. 2, Letter A,		for 1824,	6 65
do.		for 1825,	7 60
do.	No. 2, 2 Range,	for 1825,	6 14
do.	No. 4, 3 Range,	for 1825,	5 60

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on SATURDAY the *Tenth* day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, *Sheriff of Oxford County.*

Hebron, Dec. 16, A. D. 1826. 6w *129

PROPOSALS for printing by subscription, a Book, entitled, *An Apology for believing in Universal Reconciliation:* Or, An Appeal from the inferior court of Bigotry, Superstition, Ignorance, and Unbelief—to the supreme court of Proper Candor, Sound Reason, Good Understanding, and True Faith. Also, *A Key to the Book of Revelation*, and short Notes on the same.

BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

CONDITIONS.—The Book to contain about 200 pages of small 12mo. The price to Subscribers, if bound, 62 1-2 cents, but if half bound, 50 cents: to be paid when the Books are delivered. Those who subscribe for 8, to have the 9th gratis, and those who subscribe for 48, to have 8 gratis, and so for any higher number.

☞As the author is out of health, so that he cannot go abroad to do business: and as the work cannot be printed till subscriptions are obtained sufficient to meet the expenses: he solicits his friends and brethren, to use their endeavors to obtain subscriptions for said work, and forward the same to him in Buckfield, or to Buckfield Village, by the first of February next.

☞*Subscriptions for the above Work, will be received at the Oxford Bookstore.*

JOHNSON'S AMERICAN Anodyne Liniment, OR, LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is composed of a number of the most powerful articles which the Materia Medica affords, several of which have never before been combined in any preparation, of this kind, and is considered, by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any other Opodeldoc. Externally it will be used with great advantage for gout and rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises and Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and Cramp, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Surgeons will find it an admirable application to dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy effects for Asthma, for hard, dry, spasmodic coughs attended with pain in the side, for Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness, in the stomach and sides caused by lifting or otherwise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness which has recently occurred, and for pasin and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dipped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives immediate relief. It will be found to possess all the virtues of the British Oil, of the white or any other Opodeldoc now in existence, while its power and effects are double to that of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficial effects in particular cases might be multiplied at pleasure, but the following respectable Certificates are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATES.

I the subscriber do hereby certify, that after having been troubled with a Rheumatic Affection for some years, I was attacked with a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, towards the close of the year 1824, and was attended on for a number of weeks by two skilful physicians, without the least sensible benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as big as my body, and my hands and arms so much swelled, that I could neither turn in bed nor feed myself. While in this state, Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Liquid Opodeldoc was recommended to me, and I commenced the use of it in Feb. 1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a flannel roller three weeks, entirely relieved the pain and swelling of my limbs. During this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid Opodeldoc on one limb, without any advantage whatever. I attribute it to the blessing of GOD on this excellent preparation, that I am now out of my grave. I would say to the sufferer from Rheumatism, "go thou and do likewise."

LEVI CLARK.

Franklin, Sept. 12, 1825.

We, the subscribers, having experienced the good effects of Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment in relieving obstructions of the water, do hereby give our testimony in favor of that excellent remedy in this painful complaint.

CHRISTIANA K. MERCER, of Sullivan.
ELIZA HOOPER, of Franklin.
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

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